

# THE WHEELING WORLD

Those who are banking on an early tumble in prices of high grade wheels are likely to be disappointed. Although several new factories have gone to the wall, producing a glut of cheap wheels in the market, established houses appear unconcerned, and naturally so. The demand for their product equals the capacity of their factories. While that condition continues a cut in prices is not probable.

A Chicago inventor has designed a wheel in which the pneumatic tire is dispensed with. The features of the wheel are spring spokes and a flexible rim, the combination producing sufficient spring to do away with the necessity of using pneumatic tires. The spokes are made of pieces of flat tempered steel and are curved in shape. The rim is made of a flat steel band with cork along the inside of it. Outside is a rubber cushion, held together by being covered tightly with sole leather. The spokes attach to nipples, which are secured in the rim by this construction. The inventor expects flexibility, resiliency, and an absence of slipping. This tire can be made in any size or shape. How much of a success the new wheel will prove is considerable of a problem, and one the solution of which will be looked forward to anxiously by those interested in the manufacture of wheels.

Fifteen thousand wheelers participated in the parade in honor of the opening of the new bicycle path between Brooklyn and Coney Island on Saturday of last week. The cyclists of Brooklyn seemed themselves sufficiently strong in numbers a year ago to secure a special pathway from the south entrance of Prospect park to Coney Island, by cutting through the woods and fields. Within the past twelve months this path was found to be inadequate for the purpose, and a new path was laid out on the opposite side of the park. The city officials recognized the justice and need of the request, and as a result a five and a half mile pathway, twenty feet wide, has been built.

All along the cycle path men and women crowded five and six deep, and windows overlooking the pathway were filled. The trees lining the course were filled with small boys, while bicycle girls in short skirts were seated on the stands along the path.

There were a great number of women riders on review, and it was plain that the bloomer girl is on the wane. Out of all the women riders not half a dozen were seen in bloomers. The rest were in skirts and short skirts reaching to the ankle with bicycle leggings were the popular costume.

The Rev. Dr. J. B. Shaw, a Presbyterian minister of New York, knows a good thing when he sees and feels it. Unlike many of his brethren, the doctor does not decry innovations calculated to increase the sum of human happiness, simply because they break down the barriers of custom. On the contrary he welcomes them and goes along to cheer the procession. In his sermon on the bicycle a few Sundays ago he said: "Some say that it is a fad, a passing fancy. I do not believe it. There are reasons why roller skating and croquet passed out of vogue, but the bicycle has come to stay. It has its uses, it is a source of amusement and reason. It has struck a physical chord in the being of humanity. It has made a universal want."

"We may not know what women have done for the wheel, but we know what it has done for women. The one besetting physical sin of women averse all others has been that she has stayed indoors too much. Now the bicycle has lured her out of doors and she is all the better for it. The bicycle is nature's patent elixir of life.

"The bicycle is a contribution to the spiritual welfare of the people. Nothing is truer than the better the body the better the soul; half the doubters are doubters because of dyspepsia, and nothing kills dyspepsia like a bicycle. Beyond that it introduces people to nature. It brings a calm of nerve, a rest of spirit, a seriousness of character which comes from a communion with nature, the opportunity for which the bicycle gives.

"It is a contribution to the intellectual power of the people. It brings men in contact. It binds places together. Men may now travel where before they never had the opportunity. It is a contribution to public comfort. It brings hamlets within calling distance. It allows the country cousins to visit each other, and it brings good roads.

"Thank God for the bicycle! I would canonize the inventor if I knew his name. But that is unnecessary. God is the inventor. It is a providential thing, and there would be less for me and other ministers to do if there were more of them."

A surprisingly large proportion of women riders does not know how to place the feet on the pedals. It is common to see women riding with the pedals about the level of their shoes. This is not only gawkish to look at, but wasteful of energy. The proper place for the pedal to rest is on the ball of the foot. There is greater leverage and more ease in this than in any other position.

The start of the Examiner-Journal yellow fellow relay ride across the continent will not be made until late in August, the arrangement of details requiring more time than was at first thought necessary. No event ever arranged in which wheelmen were to take an active part has created the interest which attaches to the proposed struggle against the difficulties of a ride from ocean to ocean.

It is not a very remarkable matter that the wheelmen of the United States should wish for better roads, but it is remarkable that they should have been able to influence the legislative bodies of nearly every state to such an extent that everywhere there is a movement for the appropriation of state moneys to be devoted to the improvement and betterment of roads.

Not through a positive necessity to the bicyclist. This may be laid down as the first axiom in the book of the wheelmen. Mr. Isaac B. Potter may be quoted on this point.

"The cycle path is a protest against bad roads, not a desire of the wheelmen. Give them good roads and they would not ask for a path. France has 130,000 miles of splendid roads. I have ridden all over that country and there is no cycle path. It costs France \$15,000,000 a year to keep those roads in good repair. The assessed valuation of personal real estate in the state of New York is \$5,000,000,000, yet there is no state appropriation for the maintenance and making of roads."

**NEW YORK BICYCLE SPEEDWAY.**  
Boulevard, Once a Quiet Avenue, Now the Scene of a Night Carnival.  
The Bowery has had its day as a famous New York street. It is now a mere tradition. Broadway will long hold its place as the chief vein of the city's life. No process of expansion can ever leave it abandoned to the cheap clothing dealers and dime museum robbers. But lately the Western boulevard, which starts from the Columbus monument at the southwest corner of Central park to the river, has vaulted to a startling prominence, and is now one of the sights of New York. This is caused by the bicycle. Once the boulevard was a quiet avenue, whose particular distinction was its shade trees and its third floor walk, which extended in Parisian fashion down the middle of the street. Also it was noted for its bill boards and its huge and lumbering apartment houses. Now, however, it is the great thoroughfare for bicycles. On these gorgeous spring days they appear in thousands. All mankind is a wheel apparently, and a person on nothing but legs feels like a strange animal. A mighty army of wheels streams from the brick wilderness below Central park and speeds over the asphalt. In the cool of the evening it returns with swaying and flashing of myriad lamps.

The bicycle crowd has completely submerged the street. The glittering wheels dominate it from end to end. The cafes and dining rooms of the apartment houses are occupied mainly by people in bicycle clothes. Even the bill boards have surrendered. They advertise wheels and lamps and tires and patent saddles with all the flaming vehemence of circus art. Even when they do condescend to still advertise a patent medicine you are sure to confront a lithograph of a young person in bloomers who is saying in large type: "Yes, George, I find that Willerum always refreshes me after these long rides."

Down at the Circle, where stands the patient Columbus, the stores are crowded with bicycle goods. There are innumerable repair shops. Everything is bicycle. In the afternoon the parade begins. The great discoverer, erect on his tall gray shaft, must

feel his stone head whirl when the battalions come swinging and shining around the curve.

It is interesting to note the way in which the police are getting ready to meet the forces of the lower part of the city will hunt a bicyclist. A truck driver, of course, believes that a wheelman is a pest. The average man could not feel more advance if nature had suddenly invented some new kind of mosquito. And so the truck driver resolves in his dreadful way to make life as troublesome and thrilling for the wheelman as he possibly can. The wheelman suffers under a great handicap. He is struggling with the most ancient enemies which beset a metropolis. Twenty horses threaten him and forty wheels miss his shoulder by an inch. In his ears there is a hideous din. It surrounds him, envelops him.

Add to this trouble, then, a truckman with a head's desire to see dead wheelmen. The situation affords deep excitement for every one concerned.

But when a truck driver comes to the boulevard the beautiful balance of the universe is apparent. The truckist must momentarily casting sidelong glances at the wheels which spin by him. He still contrives to exhibit a sort of a sombre defiance, but he has no oath or gesture, nor will he strive to drive a three-ton wagon over the prostrate body of some unhappy cyclist. On the boulevard this roaring lion from down town is so subdued so isolated that he brings tears to the sympathetic eye.

There is a new game on the boulevard. It is the game of bicycle cop and scorcher. When the scorchers scorch beyond the patience of the law, the bicycle policeman, if in sight takes after him. Usually the scorchers have a blinding confidence in his ability to scorch and think it much easier to just ride away from the policeman than to go to court and pay a fine. So they go flying up the boulevard with the whole mob of wheelmen, wheelwomen, eager to see the race, sweeping after them. But the bicycle police are mighty hard riders and it takes a flier to escape them. The affair usually ends in calamity for the scorchers, but in the meantime fifty or sixty cyclists have had a period of delicious joy.

Bicycle cop and scorchers is a good game, but after all it is not as good as the game

of the bicycle cop and scorchers. The one who succeeds in picking up all the spoons in his path, dismounting, of course, for each one, and reaching the goal first, is the winner of all the spoons. This is rather an expensive wait for a prize, but among the smart set money, of course, is no object.

The lux of flowers used in the doll competition will be as noteworthy as the bangles and both will be very costly and very beautiful.

The prize for this competition is an elegant trifle, possibly a tiny brooch of tiny stones fashioned like a wheel, and falls to the one who shows the most ingenuity in dressing and placing the doll, which must be in cycling costume, mounted on a miniature wheel and disposed somehow, somehow about the bicycle—possibly on a little platform arranged in front of the handle bar. One fair rider for this competition is going to the trouble of having her wheel globe, then she will have it trimmed from end to end with white roses, making the white and gold effect a masterpiece.

FOR FLOWERS.  
Another brilliant feature of the tea cup race will be a flower and basket competition. Under flower covered arches, placed at regular intervals—and there must be as many rows of arches as there are riders—the riders will pass, and each will have a flower wreath, with a crook at the end. Suspended lightly from the arches will be small baskets one after the other, and in all there will be more than three or four which can be hung on the handle bars of the wheel, and to be the first to capture the baskets and reach the goal is to be certain of a prize.

The tea cup race will show in this frolic: for the woman who is to be the victor is to one end of the course, and after having a bunch of flowers fastened to the lapel of her coat by a fair damsel, remounts his wheel, and the one reaching the starting point first is the prize winner.

It is needless to say that in view of these elaborate bicycling sports, no fashionable woman who respects her reputation as a model of dress and taste is going to start on her summer campaign with only one costume de bicycliste.

Variety in "wheel-wear" must be attained as well as in ordinary garments; the dainty cycling costume must be a joy to the eye and as fresh and as becoming as any other of midday's well-thought-out toilers.

Miss Virginia Fair, who was Newport's "bicycle queen" last year, is bringing home many smart bicycle frocks; notably one of light fancy cloth of scarlet and white check. The close-fitting bodice coat, buttoned half way up with white buttons, has a white belt with a bicycle, open over a white skirt and stand-up collar, with a Persian silk tie and bow; the skirts of the coat are short, full and gathered at the hem. The skirt is of the coat are of red silk and the sleeves are buttoned tightly at the wrist. A round hat of straw, with a red ribbon and a long upstanding black quill, black shoes, stockings and low-heeled shoes, complete an undeniably handsome and original toilet.

More than this is a member of Miss Fair's wheel habits, one in absolute green cloth. The full-skirted coat is fashioned like a riding coat of the last century, with wide sleeves and a high collar. The skirt is of a style of long ago. The coat is double breasted and light fitting and buttoned with lovely cut-steel buttons. At the neck opening appears a shirt with a white collar and a white necktie.

But they changed all that. The unpolished bicycle police are wonderfully effective and the vivid excitement of other days is gone. Even the scorchers seem to feel depressed and narrowly looks over the near-

that was played in the old days when the suggestion of a corps of bicycle police in neat knickerbockers would have scandalized Mulberry street. This was the game of foot policeman on foot trying to stop a sport. A huge, unwieldy officer rushing into the street and wildly trying to head off and grab some rider who was spinning along in just one silver flash was a sight that caused the populace to turn out in a body. If some madman started at a fierce gallop toward the Columbus monument, he could have the consciousness that at frequent and exciting intervals, red-faced policemen would gallop up at him and frantically clutch at his coat tails. And owing to a curious dispensation, the majority of the policemen along the boulevard were very stout and could swear most graphically in from two to five languages.

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est officer before he starts on his frantic career. The girl in bloomers is, of course, upon her native heath when she steers her wheel steered into the boulevard. One becomes conscious of a bewildering variety in bloomers. There are some that fit and some that do not fit. There are some that were made to fit and there are some that couldn't fit anyway. As a matter of fact the bloomer costume is now in one of the prime stages of its evolution. Let us hope so, at any rate. Of course every decent citizen recognizes that women shall wear what they please and it is supposed that he consents with himself not to grin and nudge his

neighbor when anything particularly amazing passes him on the street, but resolves to simply and industriously mind his own affairs. Still the situation no doubt has changed. Now men are ever found to defend bloomers. His farthest statement, as an individual, is to advocate them for all women he does not know and care nothing about. Most women become radical enough to say: "Why shouldn't I wear 'em, if I choose?" Still, a second look at the boulevard confirms the opinion that the world is slowly, slowly, slowly coming to bloomers. We are about to enter an age of bloomers and the bicycle, that machine which is gaining an eminent position of the most tremendous importance, is going to be responsible for more than the bruises on the departed fat policemen of the boulevard.

**THE WHEEL IN SWELL SOCIETY.**  
Novel Entertainment that Will Open the Season at Newport.  
Society dearly loves a frolic and a "spree," as it calls it. Whatever "it" may be depends upon the cleverness and originality of the hostess, and this time she has hit upon a brilliant idea—which is nothing more or less than a tea cup race on a bicycle. The idea is to have one of the chief attractions at a Newport garden party, which inaugurates the season at the Country club.

The idea is this: A dozen or more riders, all women and all, of course, are to be in costumes that are chic and Frenchy to a degree, take their place beside their friends, at the starting point. At a given signal, all mount and wheel away for dear life to a point at some distance, where a number of men stand, each with a tray holding a tea service. Each rider must dismount and drink a cup of tea, which is handed to her, remount and wheel back to the starting point.

The mail or mailman winning the race is awarded a beautiful silver or Dresden tea cup; second and third prizes, similar in style, being also given.

This race can be made really charming and picturesque, if the bicycles are elaborately decorated with flowers; if one is an expert rider and feels really which that no tumbler wait her, a canopy, daisy covered, or one a mass of roses or forget-me-nots can be erected over her wheel, with flowers corresponding in color and decoration. If one goes in for elaborate trimmings, many colored ribbons, combined with flowers and foliage, can be made effective.

In the souvenir teaspoon contest there must be as many lines of spoons placed at regular intervals as there are riders. The one who succeeds in picking up all the spoons in his path, dismounting, of course, for each one, and reaching the goal first, is the winner of all the spoons. This is rather an expensive wait for a prize, but among the smart set money, of course, is no object.

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In the souvenir teaspoon contest there must be as many lines of spoons placed at regular intervals as there are riders. The one who succeeds in picking up all the spoons in his path, dismounting, of course, for each one, and reaching the goal first, is the winner of all the spoons. This is rather an expensive wait for a prize, but among the smart set money, of course, is no object.

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The prize for this competition is an elegant trifle, possibly a tiny brooch of tiny stones fashioned like a wheel, and falls to the one who shows the most ingenuity in dressing and placing the doll, which must be in cycling costume, mounted on a miniature wheel and disposed somehow, somehow about the bicycle—possibly on a little platform arranged in front of the handle bar. One fair rider for this competition is going to the trouble of having her wheel globe, then she will have it trimmed from end to end with white roses, making the white and gold effect a masterpiece.

FOR FLOWERS.  
Another brilliant feature of the tea cup race will be a flower and basket competition. Under flower covered arches, placed at regular intervals—and there must be as many rows of arches as there are riders—the riders will pass, and each will have a flower wreath, with a crook at the end. Suspended lightly from the arches will be small baskets one after the other, and in all there will be more than three or four which can be hung on the handle bars of the wheel, and to be the first to capture the baskets and reach the goal is to be certain of a prize.

The tea cup race will show in this frolic: for the woman who is to be the victor is to one end of the course, and after having a bunch of flowers fastened to the lapel of her coat by a fair damsel, remounts his wheel, and the one reaching the starting point first is the prize winner.

It is needless to say that in view of these elaborate bicycling sports, no fashionable woman who respects her reputation as a model of dress and taste is going to start on her summer campaign with only one costume de bicycliste.

Variety in "wheel-wear" must be attained as well as in ordinary garments; the dainty cycling costume must be a joy to the eye and as fresh and as becoming as any other of midday's well-thought-out toilers.

Miss Virginia Fair, who was Newport's "bicycle queen" last year, is bringing home many smart bicycle frocks; notably one of light fancy cloth of scarlet and white check. The close-fitting bodice coat, buttoned half way up with white buttons, has a white belt with a bicycle, open over a white skirt and stand-up collar, with a Persian silk tie and bow; the skirts of the coat are short, full and gathered at the hem. The skirt is of the coat are of red silk and the sleeves are buttoned tightly at the wrist. A round hat of straw, with a red ribbon and a long upstanding black quill, black shoes, stockings and low-heeled shoes, complete an undeniably handsome and original toilet.

More than this is a member of Miss Fair's wheel habits, one in absolute green cloth. The full-skirted coat is fashioned like a riding coat of the last century, with wide sleeves and a high collar. The skirt is of a style of long ago. The coat is double breasted and light fitting and buttoned with lovely cut-steel buttons. At the neck opening appears a shirt with a white collar and a white necktie.

But they changed all that. The unpolished bicycle police are wonderfully effective and the vivid excitement of other days is gone. Even the scorchers seem to feel depressed and narrowly looks over the near-

that was played in the old days when the suggestion of a corps of bicycle police in neat knickerbockers would have scandalized Mulberry street. This was the game of foot policeman on foot trying to stop a sport. A huge, unwieldy officer rushing into the street and wildly trying to head off and grab some rider who was spinning along in just one silver flash was a sight that caused the populace to turn out in a body. If some madman started at a fierce gallop toward the Columbus monument, he could have the consciousness that at frequent and exciting intervals, red-faced policemen would gallop up at him and frantically clutch at his coat tails. And owing to a curious dispensation, the majority of the policemen along the boulevard were very stout and could swear most graphically in from two to five languages.

But they changed all that. The unpolished bicycle police are wonderfully effective and the vivid excitement of other days is gone. Even the scorchers seem to feel depressed and narrowly looks over the near-

est officer before he starts on his frantic career. The girl in bloomers is, of course, upon her native heath when she steers her wheel steered into the boulevard. One becomes conscious of a bewildering variety in bloomers. There are some that fit and some that do not fit. There are some that were made to fit and there are some that couldn't fit anyway. As a matter of fact the bloomer costume is now in one of the prime stages of its evolution. Let us hope so, at any rate. Of course every decent citizen recognizes that women shall wear what they please and it is supposed that he consents with himself not to grin and nudge his

neighbor when anything particularly amazing passes him on the street, but resolves to simply and industriously mind his own affairs. Still the situation no doubt has changed. Now men are ever found to defend bloomers. His farthest statement, as an individual, is to advocate them for all women he does not know and care nothing about. Most women become radical enough to say: "Why shouldn't I wear 'em, if I choose?" Still, a second look at the boulevard confirms the opinion that the world is slowly, slowly, slowly coming to bloomers. We are about to enter an age of bloomers and the bicycle, that machine which is gaining an eminent position of the most tremendous importance, is going to be responsible